

The Enterprise.

VOL. 10.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1905.

NO. 32.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.
6:02 A. M. Daily.
7:19 A. M. Daily, except Sunday.
8:38 P. M. Daily.
12:59 P. M. Daily.
5:03 P. M. Daily.
5:54 P. M. Daily.
9:12 P. M. Daily.

SOUTH.
6:45 A. M. Daily.
7:33 A. M. Daily, except pt Sunday.
12:00 P. M. Daily.
4:05 P. M. Daily.
7:03 P. M. Daily.
8:33 P. M. Daily.
12:01 A. M. Daily. (Theatre train.)

S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R. TIME TABLE

Leave Fifth and Market Sts., S. F.	Leave San Mateo
6:00 a. m.	5:30 a. m.
Every one-half hour thereafter to 6:30 p. m.	Every one-half hour thereafter to 8:00 a. m.
7:30 ..	9:00 ..
8:30 ..	10:00 ..
9:30 ..	11:00 ..
10:30 ..	12:00 ..
11:30 ..	12:42 a. m.

TIME TABLE

South San Francisco R. R. & Power Co.

Leave Holy Cross	Leave Packing House
5:30 a. m.	6:30 a. m.
Every one-half hour thereafter to 4:30 p. m.	Every one-half hour thereafter to 4:30 p. m.
4:35 ..	4:55 ..
5:15 ..	5:35 ..
5:55 ..	6:14 ..
6:30 ..	7:00 ..
7:30 ..	8:00 ..
8:30 ..	9:00 ..
9:30 ..	10:00 ..
10:30 ..	11:00 ..
11:30 ..	11:55 ..
12:15 a. m.	12:35 a. m.

Cars pass Post Office every thirty minutes, 18 minutes before and 12 minutes after the cars pass from 5:42 a. m. to 4:42 p. m. The last "suburban car," leaving Fifth and Market Sts., S. F., at 11:30 p. m., connects at Holy Cross at 12:15 a. m. with last car for South San Francisco.

POST OFFICE.

Post office open from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Sunday, 8:00 to 9:00 a. m. Money order office open 7 a. m. to 6:30 p. m.

MAILS ARRIVE.

A. M.	P. M.
From the North.....	6:45 12:08
" South..... 12:39
MAIL CLOSES.	
A. M. P. M.	
North.....	6:55 5:24
South.....	6:15 11:30
E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.	

CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held every Sunday in Grace Church. Morning service at 11 o'clock a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. See local column.

Methodist Church Meetings, Butchers' Hall. Sunday Services—Sunday School, 3 p. m.; Epworth League of Christian Endeavor, 6:30 p. m.; Preaching 7:30 p. m.

The pastor, Rev. W. de L. Kingsbury will be in town Tuesdays and Thursdays from 1:30 to 5 p. m. Any who may know of sick or distressed neighbors, will please leave word at the residences of Mr. Coombes, Mrs. Du Bois or Mrs. Sullivan.

Catholic Church Services will be held every Sunday at 9 o'clock a. m. at the Catholic Church.

MEETING NOTICE.

Progress Camp, No. 425, Woodmen of the World, meets every Wednesday evening at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

Lodge San Mateo No. 7, Journeymen Butchers' Protective and Benevolent Association, will meet every Tuesday at 8 p. m., at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT	Redwood City
Hon. G. H. Buck.....	Redwood City
TREASURER	
P. P. Chamberlain.....	Redwood City
TAX COLLECTOR	
F. M. Granger.....	Redwood City
DISTRICT ATTORNEY	
J. J. Bullock.....	Redwood City
ASSESSOR	
C. D. Hayward.....	Redwood City
COUNTY CLERK	
H. W. Schaberg.....	Redwood City
COUNTY RECORDER	
John F. Johnston.....	Redwood City
SHERIFF	
AUDITOR	
Geo. Barker.....	Redwood City
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS	
Miss Etta M. Tilton.....	Redwood City
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR	
Jas. Crowe.....	Redwood City
SURVEYOR	
W. B. Gilbert.....	Redwood City

New Masonic Temple in Santa Rosa. Santa Rosa.—A contract has been let for the foundation of the new Masonic Temple. The work of construction will begin next week. The new structure is to be built of stone. It will be three stories and will cost \$75,000.

Geronimo Wins a Race. Lawton, O. T.—Geronimo, the aged Apache chief, rode his sorrel horse Geronimo in a race at the Fair Grounds and won a \$150 purse.

CONDENSED NEWS OF THE PACIFIC COAST

Interesting Occurrences Specially Selected and Boiled Down Into Short Items.

HAPPENINGS OF THE PAST WEEK

Current Events Related in Dispatches From Many Correspondents In Various Parts of the West.

Frank Downs, a seventeen-year-old boy, was drowned while attempting to cross the Kern river near Camp No. 2 of the Edison Power Company last Sunday.

The California Wine Association has purchased the Hearst vineyards and winery near Glen Ellen. The property consists of 1200 acres in vines and a splendid equipment.

Emanuel Lehuzey, 65 years of age, was burned to death in his room, at 743 Brannan street, between Seventh and Eighth, San Francisco, last week. The bed clothing had caught fire from his pipe.

The California Fruit-Growers' Association is furnishing its fruit-buyers and traveling agents with automobiles, having received a carload of the machines recently. The machines are now in use at Marysville.

Mar Sperry, a half-breed Chinese, who about two weeks ago entered the Hatfield residence in Sacramento and when discovered made a vicious assault upon Attorneys Victor and William Hatfield with a hatchet, has been sentenced by Judge Shields to serve twenty-nine years in Folsom prison.

A new State law of sweeping effect is now in force and under it all the saloons will be compelled to move in Folsom to the extreme southern edge of the town limits. The last Legislature amended section 172 of the Penal Code so that it prohibits the existence of any place for the sale of malt or spirituous liquors within two miles of the grounds upon which any State prison or reformatory is located. It also prohibits the sale of liquor within a mile and a half of any home for disabled soldiers, and within a mile of the grounds upon which the buildings of the University of California are located. It is declared that the latter provision will wipe out those saloons in San Francisco that are within a mile of the Affiliated Colleges, which are part of the university.

Stanford Heir Offers Reward.

San Francisco.—Interest has been revived in the mysterious death of Mrs. Jane L. Stanford by the publication of an advertisement in behalf of Welton Stanford of Schenectady, N. Y., offering \$1000 reward for "information leading to the arrest and conviction of parties responsible for the death of the late Jane Lathrop Stanford." Welton Stanford is a son of the Charles Stanford, deceased, who was a brother of Senator Leland Stanford. According to Mountford S. Wilson, attorney for Mrs. Stanford, Welton Stanford received a legacy of \$100,000 from the estate of Senator Stanford and also received a considerable portion of his father's estate. No explanation is offered for the publication of the advertisement.

Marriage Law a Severe Blow to Cupid.

Redding.—The new marriage law requiring both parties desiring a marriage license to appear in person before the County Clerk and answer under oath the necessary questions has apparently put a stop to matrimony in Shasta county. The law went into effect on Wednesday of last week. Ordinarily five or six marriages licenses are issued every week in the county, but during the ten days the new law has been in effect not a single license has been applied for. There was quite a rush for licenses during the few days preceding the going into effect of the new law.

Dragged to Death by a Horse.

Bakersfield.—Tarro Nakamuro, a sixteen-year-old Japanese employed in the office of the Associated Oil Company in the oil fields, met death in a horrible manner by being dragged to death after having been thrown from a horse that he was riding.

Damaged by Hurricane.

Algiers.—A hurricane broke over the province of Constantine, damaging the crops over an area of 1400 square miles and resulting in enormous loss.

Northern Railway, in favor of Herbert L. Williams, a railway mail clerk, who was injured in a wreck at Northport. Williams was badly injured, being unconscious for days. His lower limbs were paralyzed and he lost the sight of one eye and the use of one arm.

After negotiating for months the United States Debris Commission has finally secured complete rights of way for a great system of training walls from Daguerre Point to Marysville. The walls will be built this year to correct the channel of the Yuba river and cause it to scour and reduce its level. The walls will be built by mining dredges without cost to the Government, owners of the machines extracting gold from the material while building the walls.

Fire destroyed two business blocks in White Horse, Yukon Territory, last week, and consumed the White Pass and Yukon depot. The loss will foot up to the thousands. The fire started in the Windsor Hotel, and spread across the street to Whitney & Pedler's furnishing store. The loss to the depot is estimated at about \$10,000. The Commercial Hotel, another large structure, was destroyed. The residence of George C. Mellott, agent of the White Pass lines at that place, was among the buildings burned.

At Bakersfield, after a trial lasting eight days the jury in the case of Patton Palmer, charged with the murder of William Nicholas, last week brought in a verdict of not guilty.

"The jury was out two hours and took four ballots before reaching an agreement. Palmer was charged in connection with three others with having killed Nicholas, a pioneer of the county, at a small mountain station and robbed him of his money. The other three accused men plead guilty and testified against Palmer, but young Palmer stoutly maintained his innocence.

A new State law of sweeping effect is now in force and under it all the saloons will be compelled to move in Folsom to the extreme southern edge of the town limits. The last Legislature amended section 172 of the Penal Code so that it prohibits the existence of any place for the sale of malt or spirituous liquors within two miles of the grounds upon which any State prison or reformatory is located. It also prohibits the sale of liquor within a mile and a half of any home for disabled soldiers, and within a mile of the grounds upon which the buildings of the University of California are located. It is declared that the latter provision will wipe out those saloons in San Francisco that are within a mile of the Affiliated Colleges, which are part of the university.

For some time a bitter discussion has been raging at Florin and Orange Vale, in Sacramento county, and Roseville, in Placer county, regarding the advisability of allowing Japanese to monopolize the fruit-growing business to the exclusion of white families.

Since the attacking of the seven debtors mentioned the opponents of the Japanese have taken courage and will wage with even greater energy the campaign which they have begun against the Japanese in the communities mentioned.

Jury Holds Saloon-Keeper Responsible.

Hammond, Ind.—A peculiar damage suit has been tried in the Marshall Circuit Court and decided against Andrew J. Voorhees, a saloon-keeper at Culver. Mrs. Ida Green, her husband and baby were riding one Sunday in Culver when Ezra Love, a boy still in his teens, ran his horse into them, upsetting their rig and injuring Mrs. Green. Mrs. Green sued Voorhees for damages and the jury gave her \$1000. It was proved at the trial that Voorhees had sold the boy so much liquor on the Sunday in question that he had become intoxicated. Voorhees was held responsible for the boy's misdeed while under the influence of liquor.

Santa Fe Accused of Discrimination.

Topeka, Kas.—A complaint, which is expected to develop into one of the most important freight rate cases ever tried in Kansas, has been filed before the State Railroad Commission by a wholesale hardware company of Wichita. It is directed against the Santa Fe, Rock Island and Missouri Pacific railroads, and charges unfair and discriminative rates on certain classes of hardware from Atchison to Wichita.

Fatal Collision on Electric Line.

Baltimore.—William Stembler was killed and thirty-five persons are injured as the result of a collision between two trolley cars returning from Westport, a suburban resort.

MERCHANT WAS VICTIMIZED BY WILY JAPANESE

Brown Men Secretly Disposed of Best Part of Mortgaged Berry Crop.

SWINDLING ORIENTALS ARRESTED

The Feeling in Sacramento and Placer Against the Asiatics Monopolizing the Fruit Industry is Growing Steadily.

Sacramento.—A Japanese named T. Hokima is under arrest here on the charge of smuggling away from his strawberry garden at Florin a portion of the crop which had been mortgaged to E. Oppenheim, a prominent merchant of Florin. The crop had been attached by Oppenheim on the charge that the Jap was swindling him by clandestinely disposing of the product of the strawberry vines, which, under the contract, were to be handled solely by Oppenheim.

For a number of years the people of Florin have been ardent supporters of the Japanese cultivators of strawberries. Oppenheim was one of the principal admirers of the Japanese and supplied capital for a number of them to go into business, taking mortgages on the crop, with the provision that he should have the exclusive privilege of marketing the product in order to secure himself from loss.

At the beginning of this season Oppenheim made contracts with a number of expert Japanese strawberry growers on this basis, supplying them with means of subsistence, tools, land, plants, fertilizers, etc. When the crop began to ripen Oppenheim was surprised to note that he was getting a very small quantity of berries for shipment to his eager customers in Portland, Seattle and other points. He set a detective to watch the Japanese, and found that they were secretly taking out the best part of the berries and selling them on their own account, and were tendering him only the inferior product, for which he received unsatisfactory returns.

The result of the discovery of dishonesty on the part of the Japanese is that Oppenheim has attached seven of the wily little brown men and by force of law will attempt to get back at least part of the money which he lent the Japanese gardeners.

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Jap Soldiers Discontented.

Gunsan Pass, Manchuria.—The Japanese tactics are puzzling. They gave way at the slightest pressure against their center on both the railroad and the mandarin road. The Chinese explain the retirement by trouble among the reserves, some of whom, they say, are almost in a state of revolt because Japan has not kept its promise to return them to Japan.

COUNTY GAME LAW.

The Dates on Which

DAMAGED DOCUMENT

THE ENTERPRISE

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,
Editor and Proprietor.

No self-made man was ever known to express dissatisfaction with the job.

A Kansas man killed himself because his trade had fallen off. Why didn't he advertise?

No wonder women at 40 are cranks. See how they have to ~~have~~ look as young as they say they are.

Judging from the number of them that have been arrested there must have been an enormous supply of terrorists in Russia at the start.

Children may not be "destroyers of home life," but they certainly work fearful destruction sometimes in the pantry department of the home.

New England may succeed in forming a crustacean trust, but there will still remain a large supply of independent lobsters in the community.

King Edward is declared to be the safest ruler on earth. But why should anybody wish to kill as gentlemanly and harmless a monarch as he, anyway?

A man in Paris is reported to have suddenly shrunk in height two feet. He must have met his wife as he was getting home some night very early in the morning.

A Kansas congregation voted 4 to 1 against the acceptance of Mr. Rockefeller's gift of \$100,000. But this was not the congregation to which the gift had been offered.

Three centuries after the appearance of "Don Quixote" a statue of its author is to be erected by Havana, a city freed from Spain by a country unknown in Cervantes' time. Whirligig time at work again.

Cole Younger is reluctantly compelled to admit he has scored a failure in the show business. If anybody knows any other way in which a man without a reputation can make a living without work Cole would be glad to hear of it.

"What would Christ do?" asks a correspondent of the New York Herald, "if Rockefeller offered his \$100,000 to him?" He ate with publicans and sinners according to the record, and, it may be assumed, asked no questions as to where the meat came from. Still, it is a fair question.

Do suckers bite? The question, asked by a New York newspaper, has caused many of its readers to revert to their boyhood experiences. The man who denies it declares that suckers merely swallow the bait without biting. As a matter of ichthyological criticism this seems carping.

When anything occurs to arouse the patriotic enthusiasm of a German city, it seems to expend the impulse in erecting a statue in memory of Bismarck. One hundred and ninety-four statues have been completed up to the present time, forty-eight are in process of construction, and the possibilities of the future are of course limitless. Yet to see a grander, more enduring memorial than any of these, one needs only to contemplate united Germany.

If a whipping bill should pass in a neighboring Legislature, the boys of that State will be thrashed in school only when the principal has obtained the written consent of parents and "in the presence of a majority of the school trustees." We fancy that by the time the poor principal has gone through these formalities he will be glad enough to call the exercises off. In the little days of our childhood we were well flogged before we recollect that we had any parents or that there were any school trustees, and five minutes later the emergency had vanished. We cannot recall that during this reign of terror any of our little classmates were "permanently injured," but there were two or three dozen of us who have since confessed that we were permanently benefited.

After years of the hardest sort of work, one of the greatest engineering feats in the world has been finally accomplished. The Simplon tunnel has been formally opened, and the first trains have passed through. Not only is it the longest tunnel in the world, but its course is beneath a greater weight of mountains than any other. There have been numerous disappointments and heart-breaking delays in the work, and upon one occasion it was thought that it would have to be given up. At one period of the construction a subterranean stream of hot water was encountered, which compelled the cessation of work, and the difficulties encountered in blocking this underground hot river were prodigious. Added to the other difficulties, it appears that the geologists and engineers who did the preliminary work were very generally mistaken in their prophecies as to the character of the soil which would be encountered. The strata of rock, it seems, dipped in most unexpected directions, and before the work was well begun the original plans had to be almost entirely revised. Of course the work took a great deal longer than was at first expected. Such enormous engineering undertakings usually do. But it has been free from scandals throughout, which

speaks well for the administrative ability of the Swiss and Italians. On the whole, if the United States makes as good a record in its great undertaking, the Panama Canal, as have the Swiss and Italians in building the Simplon Tunnel, congratulations from the rest of the world will be in order.

In this day of the presentation of fibby and inane, if not worse, stage stories it is worth while to command a play that teaches a wholesome lesson. Such is "A Messenger From Mars," which contains an ethical teaching as old as the tragedy of Job, and as universal in its appeal. The play presents all the sadness—as well as the grim humor—of the sin of complacent selfishness. "Self, self, self is the curse of this wretched world," says the messenger from Mars. The messenger speaks true. All the history of humans confirms the declaration. This, briefly, is the run of the play: Horace Parker is the apotheosis of selfishness—unwitting selfishness. He is sincerely selfish. So self-centered that no impulse of pity ever comes to him, save self pity, he is calmly imbedded in self love and self indulgence. If anything goes wrong with him—as seldom happens to such a one—he feels himself a much abused man. Parker is not a bad man nor especially wicked. He is not a bad sort of a husband in a sense. He is too high-minded for gross violation of morals. His self respect keeps him from stooping to low things. He is honorable in a way. He is eminently respectable and eminently satisfied with himself. In a crisis he would doubtless sacrifice himself for his own. But at every turn he unconsciously inflicts suffering upon the women of his household and upon his friends. In short, regarding himself as impeachable, he is guilty every day of offenses that break the hearts of his loved ones. Little less than a miracle will open the eyes of this sort of a man. The Mars messenger comes to him and says, "You train your dogs with hunger and a whip. I must try the same system with you." Then comes an excellent apprenticeship to clear sightedness—he is put in the place of others. Hunger and cold and wretchedness are his teachers. He drinks the cup of misery to the dregs. At every hardened utterance the man mutters, "I've said the same thing many a time myself." Then pity comes to him. His eyes are opened and he hates the old self. A soul is born within him. The lesson is for men and women. For there is no sex in selfishness. It is an old drama—this evolution of a life. And it is re-enacted every day. To some comes the messenger of fate and in a great crisis of pain or of sorrow the lesson is learned. Others learn the teaching when it is too late, save for remorse. And still others will never learn the better way until they are face to face with the lesson elsewhere—somewhere in that outward sweep of the future that we call Mystery.

EMANCIPATED SWISS WOMEN



The women in the picture are natives of the primitive little village of Champy, in the canton of Valais, Switzerland. It is a remote mountainous region, and the women of the district have worn trousers from time immemorial. The men of Champy are known to be the laziest in the republic. They will sometimes accept employment as guides, but manual labor is not at all to their taste. The women, therefore, have been obliged to follow outdoor occupations, and they have been clever enough to fit themselves for the undertaking. Since these emancipated women of Champy have been compelled to adopt the vocations and attire distinctive of masculinity, they have gone a step further and provided themselves with short brierwood pipes and chamois skin tobacco pouches.

Hits Money's Worth. In the myriad minor changes that have come about since war-times, it happens that a negro, who formerly belonged to the family of a Mississippi Congressman, has become proprietor of a small kindling-wood shop in New York City. When the Congressman visits New York, says a correspondent of the Boston Post, he always calls on his old retainer.

The negro seemed unhappy on the occasion of their last meeting, and the visitor hastened to show sympathy. "What's the matter, Uncle Lafe?" he asked.

"I's just been done out o' some money, Marse John," was the reply. "Had a terrible misery in mah toof, and went to a dentis' and got hit pulled, and he charged me a dollar—a whole dollar! Why, once down in Tenn'see, I went to ole Doc Tinker and he pulled two toofs and broke mah jawbone and only charged me 50 cents! I's been buncied, Marse John."

Nothing is so uncertain as the certainty of certain politicians.

ADVANTAGES OF CROP ROTATION.

The custom of growing different crops in rotation, while largely a matter of conditions, possesses certain actual advantages. First, it prolongs the period of profitable culture. This is due to the fact that plants vary largely in their feeding capacities. Many plants feed in the surface layers and therefore draw their food almost wholly from that portion of the soil; other plants are deep feeders. The two classes alternated give the soil periods of comparative rest. It should also be kept in mind that certain crops require more of some particular element in the soil than other crops. When these two classes are in rotation the soil is given an opportunity to rest. Again, when the farm is producing but one crop a year, the soil is left bare at certain seasons, while the growth of a variety of crops permits of a continuous covering and a constant use. Practically speaking, there is no soil which is not improved by cropping. In the language of Jethro Tull: "Tillage is manure." Then the continuous growth of one crop renders it more liable to insect attack, and also to the development of diseases called rot and blight. It is a well-known fact that crops lose vigor by being grown year after year, and are therefore less able to withstand insect ravages. A change is also valuable because it deprives any particular insect pest of its food, and is therefore likely to cause it to disperse.

The majority of our farm crops get their food entirely from the soil, and in many cases these crops are grown for their grain. In such cases the nitrogen, potassium and phosphorus are being disposed of constantly by selling the seeds of the plants grown. On the other hand, leguminous plants, such as peas, beans, alfalfa, etc., get most of their nitrogen from the air. It will be noted then that the removal of such crops from the soil does not decrease its supply of nitrogen, therefore, a rotation including some of the legumes, such as alfalfa, cow-peas or beans, lessens the necessity of supplying nitrogen to the soil.

Finally, the business of the farmer requires a steady and regular income, in order that he may provide for necessary tools, seeds and implements, and also that he may pay wages when due. A steady and regular income allows him to do business on a cash basis and thus to take advantage of opportunities in buying. He can by this means do business on a smaller capital than would be required on the credit system. The rules governing the system of rotation under present conditions are general and not fixed, yet they appear to be better adapted to farming in this section than any other yet discovered.—F. S. Johnson in Barnum's Midland Farmer.

SWEET CLOVER AND SORGHUM FEED. If there are any two facts that I am guilty of wanting to give publicity to it is that of sorghum, as roughage for the farm stock, and the planting of green crops to plow under, to better the crop yield. Sorghum is the best of all fodders and cheaper raised on moderately poor land than any other feed I ever experimented with, and since some twenty years have only strengthened this belief, I shall plant a few acres again this year.

I have some clay land too poor to grow common red clover unless treated with commercial fertilizers, which I do not care to undertake. Two or three years ago I began experimenting on this poor land with sweet-clover, in a small way; I found that where poverty-grass would grow sweet-clover would also grow, and that turned under green is loosened and enriched the ground as much as did the red-clover. So this spring I am planting quite an acreage of our poor ground, and some not so poor, to sweet-clover to plow under green. There may be a lesson in this for others.—D. T. Stephenson in Barnum's Midland Farmer.

DON'T CROWD THE CHICKS.

The crowding of chicks in a brooder tends muchly toward disease. If you have a brooder that is supposed to hold a hundred chicks, you will have better success if you only put fifty in it. The same is true of large chickens; crowd them too much and they get heated and come out in the morning only to catch cold and oftentimes get the roup. It is not absolutely necessary to clean out your house every day, and maybe not every week, but if you do not keep them clean and a bad odor ensues you cannot expect to have healthy chickens. The bad odor may be prevented, however, by throwing some dry soil over the droppings, or, what is better, if you are interested in the value of the droppings, as a land dressing, use some of the fine litter from the scratching shed. This absorbs the odors and makes the house fit to live in, but it should always be remembered that hens have lungs just the same as have people, and that they must be supplied with good pure air for breathing if a satisfactory degree of health should be maintained, and pure air cannot be had in a house where odors arise from the droppings.

"I's been buncied, Marse John." Nebraska Farmer.

Nothing is so uncertain as the certainty of certain politicians.

Crushed oats and barley steamed, also cooked roots mixed with ground grain and wheat bran are very nourishing and should be fed.

OATS FOR HOGS.

There seems to be considerable advice given through the agricultural papers as to what is a good ration for brood sows. It is generally considered that corn alone is not just the thing. We all know it is the stuff to fatten the hog, but the brood sow is a different problem. The writer has been raising upwards of 200 hogs per year on his farm and has had good success so far with his brood sows. Having tried various kinds of feeds as a substitute for corn, so as to make a balanced ration, one that makes fat and muscle at the same time and that will keep the animals in a healthy condition, he can safely say that he has been getting the best results by adding wheat bran, oats and a little oil meal in the way of a slop to be used with corn for the daily ration.

After farrowing he substitutes light shorts for the bran, but keeps right on with the oats and oil meal. It is said that oats are too expensive. They may be a little more expensive than corn, still when you take into consideration that the oats are raised on the farm, the writer considers them fully as cheap as any substitute you have to go out and buy on the market, and very much to be preferred, considering the good results attending this feed.

The writer has never found any ration equal to oats for keeping hogs in a healthy condition. He feeds oats every day to his fattening hogs, about two bushels of dry oats per day to seventy or seventy-five hogs are put in their watering trough and they will clean up every oat if you do not feed them too many at a time. It is cheaper to feed the oats whole, as the hogs do not waste any that way, while if you have them ground they try to avoid the hulls and usually waste considerable of the best part of the oats.

If you have anything the matter with your hogs just put them on to a dry oats diet and water, and see how quick they come around all right.—P. G. Freeman in Wallace's Farmer.

SIGNS OF SWEENEY IN HORSES.

A shrunken shoulder does not necessarily mean sweeny. Some animals are naturally poorly developed, so that if both sides are exactly alike in development from a practical point of view, it is quite possible—and indeed probable—that the deficiency is natural and not accidental.

The test is by comparing the development of one shoulder with the other. Sweeny is more likely to appear in a young horse or in colts, and results from straining of some kind. A severe slip may cause the trouble, and ill-fitting collars have often been the means. A collar should fit snugly and not pull more on one side than on the other. If a horse in harness does not pull straight ahead, something is wrong. The symptoms are various. The horse may be lame or not. The first indication that will be seen may be wasted condition of the muscles. Barnum's Midland Farmer.

BREEDING GAME FOWLS.

Game hens and pullets must never be allowed to run with anything but game males, as it will injure the purity of the breed, even after long separation. Game males may be kept on the same walks as hens of any other breed, but not vice versa. In breeding it is often said that two-thirds of the influence over the progeny comes from the hen, and only one-third from the male. I have found, in general, that the cock has two-thirds of the influence over the male progeny. The best chickens, however, of both sexes, will take most after the cock. If cock and hens are equal in strength of blood and constitution and in quality the weakest and worst chickens will in like manner take most after the hen, as a rule. Many breeders, however, may differ from my experience as to this.—Northwest Pacific Farmer.

HORSE TALK.

Every fair day should be spent in the paddock or field.

A little ground flaxseed should always be added to the ration.

An oversupply will stuff the digestive tract and cause dyspepsia.

Liberal feeding must be accompanied by plenty of exercise in the open air.

If the colts do not thrive as they should, skimmed milk should be given them daily.

In cases where a weanling is weak and thin, whole cow's milk can be fed with profit.

A good allowance of bright clover hay should be given colts, but not all they will eat.

Horses should have an abundance of nourishing food, plenty of sunshine and exercise.

The greatest watchfulness and common sense should be used in the care and feeding of the weanlings.

Handle horses quietly and carefully every day as you move around them, always offering a piece of apple or orange.

There is no good reason why a man should not marry and settle down if he has previously settled up.

Many a self-possessed girl would like to transfer her possession to some man.

WERE THOROUGH AS SPIES.

How Five Japanese Gained Secrets in St. Petersburg.

Here is a recent story in regard to the system of espionage employed by the Japanese, says a writer in the London M. A. P., which I find in a letter from St. Petersburg, published in one of the French papers.

It is a vivid picture of what these wonderful soldiers are willing to do in the interest of their country:

Toward the end of 1898 a Japanese from Kiu-Siu arrived in St. Petersburg and opened a tea warehouse on the Nevsky prospect. Shops of this kind simply swarm in the Russian capital, but all the same the Japanese prospered exceedingly. In view of the big business he anticipated at the Easter festivities during the following spring, the tea merchant got over five of his fellow-countrymen as assistants. These were all extremely agreeable, tactful young fellows, who quickly ingratiated themselves with the aristocratic clientele of the shop.

But, despite the prosperity of their business, the Japanese did not seem happy. Their melancholy was noticed and at last they confessed their secret. They did not in the least mind leaving Japan; they were delighted with Russia. What they did not like was to remain foreigners on the soil of their adopted country. Their dearest wish, they said, was to become naturalized Russians, and to be admitted into the orthodox church.

The idea appealed to the aristocratic customers of the tea shop and in due course they were admitted into the orthodox church and made Russian citizens.

Shortly after this the five new Russians wanted to get married and found families. Once more their customers interested themselves on their behalf. Brides were found in the shape of pretty young Russian work girls, dowries provided by subscription and the marriage ceremony was duly performed.

Time went on, children were born and everything in the various menages seemed to be most satisfactory, when suddenly the war broke out. Two days later the Russian-Japanese teamen had all disappeared, leaving their wives and families behind them in St. Petersburg. St. Petersburg society was flabbergasted. The confidence it had unfortunately imparted to the teamen went to Tokyo in the form of private reports to the Japanese general staff, while the heroes of the story, all captains or lieutenants in the Japanese army, went back to their respective regiments.

BIG "JOE."

"Joe" was the big high horse of the three which pulled Engine No. 76 in the West 102d street fire engine house, in New York. Joe had been on the team only six months, but he was a splendid, sagacious creature, of whom all the firemen were fond. One day in December last—the day of the first heavy snow of the season—an alarm call sounded in the afternoon just as the children of the neighborhood were let out of school.

With a rush and swing, engine No. 76 started out down the street, the three horses galloping their best. At the second corner a crowd of children were snowballing. They were too absorbed in their sport to pay attention to the driver's shout of warning. He made a desperate effort to pull in the horses, but the street pavement was covered with snow, and he could not manage it. It seemed inevitable that the high wheels of the engine would crush the little group of snow-ballers.

But Joe understood. Just when they were close on the children, the big horse reared high and leaped back on the rest of the team with all his strength, carrying the other horses with him by main weight and impetus. The engine swerved and rolled by, escaping the children by only a few inches, yet leaving them untouched. But Joe was down, slipping helplessly along the snow, out on the avenue with its quadruple row of street-car tracks.

A south-bound car, at full speed, was coming resistlessly. The engine-driver yelled, the motorman jammed down the brakes, but it was too late. The big horse was wedged under the first truck, and his leg snapped like a pipe stem.

The car was lifted. The frightened children gathered from their corner. A crowd collected. The policemen and firemen examined the helpless horse and shook their heads.

"No use. He'll have to be shot," was the unwilling verdict. The firemen took off their caps and stood bare-headed in the snow. A pistol-shot rang out, and Joe was out of his pain. He had saved the children, but given his own life to do it.

Did he understand? Who knows? At any rate, one understands the feeling of the firemen who took off their caps, and stood in reverence as poor Joe died.—Youth's Companion.

Truth Comes Out.

Jimson, Sr.—I thought you told me some time ago that

HISTORIC GROUND.

THE CROW INDIAN RESERVATION IN MONTANA.

Great Tract Which Is to Be Thrown Open to Settlement by the Whites, Contains the Battlefield Upon Which Custer Fell—A Rich Region.

Notwithstanding the fact that there are 473,000,000 acres of vacant unappropriated land, excluding Alaska, open for settlement, pressure is constantly being brought to bear upon Congress for the opening of lands hitherto set aside for the Indians. One reservation after another is being thrown up to settlement, the aboriginal occupants being given farms in severality if they desire to live the lives of white men, or being compelled to take circumscribed quarters if they wish to live the tribal or blanket life. Last year the greatest reservation opening was that of the Rosebud, in South Dakota. This summer two reservations will be thrown open to a certainty—the Crow, in Southern Montana, and the Uintah, in Eastern Utah. To these will probably be added the Wind River or Shoshone reservation, in Wyoming. All these reservations offer vast opportunities to the white man. The Uintah and Wind River reservations are rich in minerals, but to

will be used by the Crows to benefit their own lands and herds.

On Historic Ground.
The homesteader who settles in the Crow reservation will find himself in historic ground. The chief place of interest on the reservation is Custer battlefield, at Crow Agency. The Custer monument can be seen from the railroad trains, on top of a knoll, about six miles from the station. It was here that the redoubtable Rain-in-the-Face and other Sioux chieftains overwhelmed Custer's detachment of 270 brave men, leaving not one to tell the story. White headstones are scattered about the monument on both slopes of the hill, showing exactly where the men lay when their bodies were found. Near at hand are many other headstones, as Custer field has been turned into a national cemetery, and here are buried the victims of the Fetterman massacre and many others who lost their lives on the plains fighting for the flag. The field will always remain one of the most interesting spots in America. Only four miles away is Reno's battlefield, where one may yet see the bones of the horses used as breastworks by the troopers who, according to many military critics, should have come to Custer's aid.

For generations the Crows have clung to the lands on which they are now located. Occasionally they were driven off by the warlike Sioux and Cheyennes, but always they came back. In the days of the fur traders

HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY.

Mr. Stringer looked over the back-yard fence and watched the stout Mr. Streeter trying to balance himself in a squatting position and pull up garden weeds at the same time. "Street-er," said he, "I've just got back from the city, and I've found out my wife is the most prudent woman in the world."

The other got up and looked round with a face as red as if he had apoplexy. "Hello, Stringer!" he coughed. "What makes you think your wife is so prudent? Has she decided not to buy any more new hats?"

"No, but she took some money I gave her and bought a piano."

"Huh!" snickered Mr. Streeter. "Is that what you call prudence?"

"Wait a bit," Mr. Stringer replied. "As I say, she bought piano about a week ago. It's a beauty! Has a rosewood case, the handsomest you ever saw. Shines like a new dollar. Polished like a mirror, carved legs, and gives a rich look to the whole house."

"Music inside?" asked the other, dryly.

"Now here's where the prudence comes in," went on Mr. Stringer, disregarding his friend's remark. "I came home last Tuesday and found the piano entirely hidden by a plush cover that hung over on each side like one of those little blankets you see tied on pug dogs. I told my wife it was a handsome cover, but that it wasn't half so pretty as the wood with its polish and handsome grain. She explained that the wood might get scratched, but that with the cover over it, it would always be just as bright as it is now."

"That was prudence, but—"

"Don't interrupt, Streeter. That isn't all. When I came home to-night I found a linen cover over the plush. Of course a brown linen cover may not be ugly, but it isn't to be compared to the plush. So I protested. I said it was a shame to hide that handsome plush affair. My wife answered that the plush cover cost nine dollars and sixty-eight cents, including the initials embroidered in yellow at the corner, and that it seemed to her wasteful to let the dust settle all over a delicate thing of that sort and make it look old and dingy inside a year. She said the linen cover was to protect it. Now that's prudence, unadulterated prudence! But between you and me, Streeter, I've been wondering if it would not have been cheaper to buy the linen cover first—then we should not have needed the plush."

"Or the rosewood piano, either," added Streeter.—*Youth's Companion.*

HIS ENGLISH THRIFT.

Points on Economy that We Spend— Thrifts Might Learn.

"I think," said the woman who lives in a studio, as she emptied the tea leaves to save them for the scrub lady to clean the rug with, "that I am a very economical person. My living in this studio costs me very little. I have my breakfast about 10 o'clock, then I don't want any dinner till 6."

"But you forget," interrupted the other woman, "how much your dinners cost your friends. No New Yorkers are not thrifty. They know next to nothing of economy. They need to learn from the English, and I mean the middle class and well-to-do English. My dear, when I was in England, my eyes were opened to the thrift of the Missourian Lincoln Trust building.

As he gained the entrance, however, a large and formidable-looking woman espied him, and with a wild shriek and a frenzied grasping of the skirts, began executing such a remarkable dance on the sill of the big skyscraper that the mouse lost his head and scurried clear across Olive street.

Arriving at the curb on the south side, he passed under a carriage from which two women were alighting and emerged on the sidewalk simultaneously with them. At once they set up an outcry and circled around on the pavement in a dismayed manner such as has never before been seen in St. Louis. By this time a big crowd had gathered, and the laughter of men and boys mingled with the shrieking and screaming of women and girls. The uproar became so appalling to the mouse that finally, reckless of consequences, he precipitated himself through an open grating into a cellar and has not been seen since. His unusual and uncommon experience while in quest of a little fresh air lasted just five minutes.

They Got the "Glassy Eye."

A certain confectioner in New York, who caters chiefly to the little folks of the neighborhood, lately arranged of his shop window with great care in preparation for a local festivity. The crowning attraction of the whole was a large chocolate tiger with most realistic green eyes, made of glass marbles, which had cost the designer 20 cents apiece. In the tiger's mouth was a card bearing the inscription: "Nothing in this window over 5 cents a quarter-pound."

A crowd of youngsters quickly assembled on the sidewalk, and presently, after much spelling over of the placard, two of them invaded the shop and deposited a nickel upon the counter.

"Say, mister," began the smaller boy, earnestly, "gimme a quarter o' a pound o' tiger—the piece with the eyes in!"

If some people would work hard and earn \$10,000, some one would walk up, and taking it away from them, tell them they had no business with that much money.

When speaking of her age a woman doesn't tell you one thing to-day and another ten years later.

Happiness Deferred.

"What," asked the youth, "was the happiest moment of your life?"

"The happiest moment of my life," answered the sage of Sageville, "is yet to come."

"When do you expect it?" queried the inquisitive youngster.

"When people cease to ask fool questions," replied the philosophy dispenser.

When speaking of her age a woman doesn't tell you one thing to-day and another ten years later.

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

Perils of the Dress Suit.

RESPONDENTS of a New York newspaper have been discussing in its columns the important question whether a young man on a salary of \$15 per week should have a dress suit. An earnest philosopher at Seneca Falls sees in the dress suit a peril when owned by a young man who has this modest income. He does not consider the "spike tail" coat a menace per se. The danger, he conceives, is in the expenses its possession involves.

Perhaps there is something in this. When a man has got a dress suit he must have dress shirts. When he has them he must have studs, modest or resplendent. Calf shoes don't look well with a dress suit; so its owner must have patent dress shoes. He will regard his evening dress as incomplete until he has the proper kind of hat.

The possession of costly and fashionable raiment implies its use. A young man flushed with his first dress suit and opera hat is likely to find the street car too vulgar a conveyance. He must have a carriage to the theater. A sack coat raises no objections to a seat in the gallery, but the "swallow tail" protests that it feels out of place there, and that if it can't roll in a box, it at least must not be taken above the ground floor.

Dress shirts, dress shoes, silk hats, carriages, \$1.50 or \$2 seats at the theater—these are but a few of the costly accessories of the dress suit. The Seneca Falls philosopher pursues the theme. A young man, he reasons, can't afford to have these things on \$15 a week. He gets in debt, robs his employer's till, or commits forgery. The dress suit of the \$15 young man thus becomes the innocent cause of its owner going to jail, where he will not have much use for it.

Whether the \$5 a week young man's dress suit gets him in jail or not—and there are many such young men who have dress suits, and yet probably never will go to jail—it is pretty sure, if he lives up to it, to keep his finances depressed. The dress suit is all right. It is a thing of beauty and a joy forever, although certain esthetic people do say it would be more beautiful and joyful if knee breeches were substituted for pantaloons. The accessories of the dress suit are unobjectionable. Life would be less worth living without them. But it seems tolerably plain that the \$15 young man had better postpone indulgence in a sack suit income has kept many men busy dodging creditors the best part of their lives.—Chicago Tribune.

The Heroism of Physicians.

IT may be truly said that no class of men risk death so frequently or so freely, and there is no gainsaying that the motives which impel them are of the highest and most unselfish sort. For they not only dare, in the cause of humanity, such swift and fatal torture as marked this case, but more terrible to contemplate, they unhesitatingly lay themselves open to long years of hopeless and helpless suffering.

For the most part, the world knows little of this. The common tendency is to think of doctors as immune against those ailments and afflictions with which they must so often come in contact. The popular mind conceives them as charmed beings, forgetting for the while that suffering and death are no respecters of persons, and as a natural consequence, the thought of heroism is seldom coupled with the healing.

Other men who are independent in business can select their own times for coming and going. The doctor cannot. They can cater to the class of trade they desire. The doctor cannot. They can, when they will, decline to dispense their wares and their services. The doctor cannot. However heavily the day's toil has weighed upon them, the evening and night are theirs for recreation or rest. The doctor's are not.

Beyond certain limits of special practice, which any emergency can shatter, he has neither choice of what or with whom he shall deal, and under any circumstances he can never call one hour, night or day, his own.

His is a heroism of constant service—not the kind that does one flaring deed which makes men stare and shout and then reposes peacefully on beds of laurels, but the kind that is never wanting in the moment of need; the kind that is content to walk in the byways as well as the highways of life, the kind that knows no distinction between rich and poor, humble and proud; the kind that means comfort and relief to the body burning with fever,

TRUMAN H. NEWBERRY.

Michigan Man Appointed Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

Truman H. Newberry, who has been appointed assistant secretary of the navy by President Roosevelt, takes the post which Mr. Roosevelt himself had at the outbreak of the Spanish war. He succeeds Charles H. Darlington of Vermont, who resigned in order to accept another Federal appointment.

T. H. NEWBERRY, and also to devote himself to the practice of law.

Mr. Newberry was born in 1864 and graduated from the scientific school of Yale University in 1885. For several years after his graduation he was engaged in railroad construction in Michigan with his father, the late John S. Newberry. He enjoys a high standing and large influence in business circles in Detroit and the Middle West.

Though his principal activities have been on land he has obtained considerable knowledge of naval affairs both from study and from actual service, as he was one of the organizers of the Michigan naval reserve battalion, and during the Spanish war served on the auxiliary cruiser *Yosemite* with the rank of Lieutenant. He has been a friend of President Roosevelt for some years. Mr. Newberry is married and has three children, a daughter aged sixteen and twin boys aged fourteen.

Mrs. Newberry is a daughter of the late General Alfred C. Barnes, of Brooklyn borough, New York, and a granddaughter of the famous publisher, the late A. S. Barnes.

As Miss Harriet Josephine Barnes she was one of the belles of Brooklyn. Mr. Newberry is several times a millionaire, and his wife inherited a large fortune. It is predicted that he will be one of

and, at the same time, to the watching heart nearby, burning with the anxiety of love.

True heroism—all the more so because it seldom has the encouragement of deserved praise—is the rule among physicians.—Philadelphia North American.

A Peril to the Church.

IT is fortunate for the churches of this country that clergymen generally take emphatic exception to the attitude of the Board of Missions, which is said to have decided unanimously that it will accept Mr. John D. Rockefeller's gift of \$100,000, and to the attitude of those other clergymen who have the temerity to come out boldly and declare that they want Mr. Rockefeller's money whether it is dirty or clean. It is fortunate for the church that this undiscriminating greed is so roundly denounced, because, when all is said and done, it is not the Mr. Rockefellers, or any other money kings, who support the religious institutions of this country. The hundred thousand dollars that a multi-millionaire may give here or there at intervals to excite commendation of his religious spirit or to mollify bitter criticisms of his business methods count as nothing against the small but steady contributions of the millions of plain American citizens who are the true supporters of the church, both with their financial aid and with their moral principles and practices.

Let the American people once understand that the church can be bribed to withhold its condemnation of injustice, oppression and crime—for every one of these is in the indictment against the Standard Oil Company—and they will as surely set their faces against the church as they have against the men who extort their hundreds of millions from the public, contributing of these robber gains the smallest fraction, either in penitence or with the charlatan's aim of hoodwinking otherwise good people into a sort of public approval of their acts.—New York Press.

Money Worship.

THE cheapening effect on human nature that money worship has cannot be declared too often. Money worship overlooks good deeds and honest hearts. It snubs deserving men and shows no respect for women. It mistakes clothes for the man and showiness for brains.

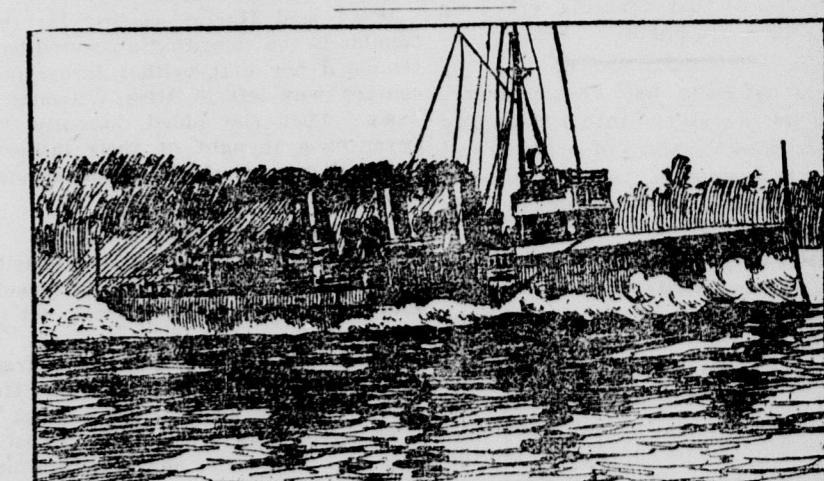
It judges no man by what he is, but every one by what he has. To the money worshipper externals are everything; character is no badge of respectability. Have money and you are somebody; be without money and you are not worth considering. The money worshipper professes a love for art because he thinks it tactful, but he disdains the artist if the artist has genius sans money. He calls immorality "bohemianism" and sneers at "the simple life" as being plebeian. He is narrow, selfish, proud, material and unimaginative.

All the energies of the pulpit and the rostrum, the school and the press should make war on this stolid tendency of the age. It is a matter that affects the very life of the human race. If the subject is old, the war should not for that reason be dropped. On the other hand, because it is old, the attacks should be continued with growing earnestness.—Louisville Courier Journal.

Mortality in Modern War.

THE mortality in modern war, notwithstanding the marked progress that has been made in the construction of rapid fire artillery and magazine rifles, does not seem to exceed that of former conflicts, if the alleged Russian official figures on the subject are measurably correct. Thus it is asserted that out of a total of 130,000 officers and men ill and wounded 77,000, or more than one-half, have returned to active service, while about 21,000 are still in the hospitals. The killed in combat during a year's hostilities, which include several bloody battles, are placed at from 40,000 to 50,000. This is a heavy toll of death, but for the fact that the small bore rifles, now in use, kill fewer men proportionately than the big caliber muskets formerly employed. As for the Japanese, the proportion of recoveries both from illness and wounds among them is described both by official and non-official observers as surprisingly large.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

FASTEAST WAR VESSEL AFLOAT.



The new British scout ship *Sentinel*, shown in the picture, is now the speediest war craft afloat. In her recent trial trip she made 25.5 knots an hour. The *Sentinel* is 360 feet in length and 40 feet beam; and with all her equipment aboard has a displacement of 2,320 tons. She is very low amidships and aft in order to be out of sight of the enemy. She is provided with a signaling foremast, wireless telegraph gaff and a semaphore truck. Her bridge is so lofty that, while her hull will lie below the horizon of the enemy, her lookout will be able to discover the higher bulk of a vessel approaching.

the most influential officials connected with the administration, and that he will in time be promoted to be head of the Navy Department.

Sane or Insane?

"Is there any sure test by which to tell the sane from the insane?" inquired a student of the famous French Allenist Esquirol. "Please dine with me to-morrow at 6 o'clock," was the answer of the savant. The student complied. Two other guests were present, one of whom was elegantly dressed, while the other was rather uncouth, noisy and extremely conceited.

After dinner the pupil rose to take leave, and as he shook hands with his teacher he remarked: "The problem is very simple after all; the quiet, well-dressed gentleman is certainly distinguished in some line, but

ought at once to be locked up." "You are wrong, my friend," replied Esquirol with a smile. "The quiet, well-dressed man who talks so rationally has for years labored under the delusion that he is God, the Father; whereas, the other man, whose exuberance and self-conceit have surprised you, is M. Honore de Balzac, the greatest French writer of the day."

Jones' Accident.

"I saw Jones get his mug smashed this morning."

"The Dickens you did! What was he doing?"

"Getting shaved; the barber dropped it."—Houston Post.

It is about time for the big towns to devise something new in wedding parades, "O Promise Me" having reached the smallest villages.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1905.

Oregon Exposition open.

Do your duty next Tuesday. Do
not shirk by staying away from the
School Bond election.

We trust every person entitled to
cast a ballot will be at the polls Tues-
day. A full vote is always desirable
at a bond election. The issue is of
such importance and of such interest
to every voter that there should be no
stay-at-homes. It looks at present as
if the vote would be nearly unanimous
for the bonds. No reason has
been offered and we can conceive of
none against why the bonds should
not be voted. Yet it will not do to
take it for granted that there will be
no opposition. Those who have the
good of the schools and the best in-
terests of the town at heart should
not fail to be at the polls and put in
a vote for the bonds.

The Board of Supervisors will on
Monday next appoint a Tax Collector
for San Mateo County, to fill the vac-
ancy caused by the sad and sudden
death of the late Frank M. Granger.
The applicants for the position are,
so far as known at present, W. A.
Price and County Recorder J. F.
Johnston of Redwood City; John P.
Weller and John J. Burke of San Ma-
teo; Geo. C. Luce of Colma and Su-
pervisor McCracken of Pescadero.
We have entire confidence in the judg-
ment of the Board and doubt not
their choice will be approved by the
people and that the man named to fill
the unexpired term will be a man of
such standing and character that the
people will at the next general elec-
tion endorse him by electing him to a
full term.

On Memorial day an old lady was
killed by a train at the railroad cross-
ing at Cypress Lawn Cemetery. The
reports of narrow escapes from being
run over by Southern Pacific trains at
Holy Cross Cemetery are of frequent
occurrence. At the latter crossing
the danger is much greater than at
any other crossing in this township.
In the first place, there are many
more people going and coming to and
from Holy Cross than any other ceme-
tery in the county. In the second
place, all the electric car passengers
to and from this town and vicinity of
necessity use the Holy Cross crossing.
In the third place, there is a curve in
the railroad both above and below
this crossing. The Board of Supervi-
sors should require the S. P. to put
in gates at Holy Cross and to do it
without delay. There will be death
on the rail at that crossing ere long
unless gates are put in.

The Trust issue has become acute.
It has also developed into a monopoly
and occupies the stage of political and
economic discussion to the exclusion
of almost every other subject or mat-
ter.

Trusts, corporations and organized
capital under whatever form or name
are being subjected to the searchlight
of publicity.

There is little, if any danger, that
any wrong or evil concealed or con-
tained within such organization, can
or will long escape exposure. In the
heat generated by the respective par-
ties to this controversy, it is essential
that the great body of the American
people keep cool heads, that they may
render an impartial and unbiased
judgment when the evidence is all in.

The Government investigation of
the Beef Industry is just now the cen-
ter of interest. The report of Com-
missioner of Corporations James R.
Garfield has met with wide criticism,
and in many instances, violent denun-
ciation. Mr. Garfield is President
Roosevelt's choice. The President
placed Commissioner Garfield in the
responsible position he occupies as
the right man to investigate the en-
tire question of the operations of cor-
porations, trusts and like organiza-
tions. In face of the outcry against
Garfield, the President stands by his
Commissioner. No one, unless he
may be a "dyed in the wool" partisan
and political opponent of Theodore
Roosevelt, will charge Roosevelt with
insincerity on the Trust or any other
great public question. The American
people will not condemn Commis-
sioner Garfield, nor will they prejudge
the Beef Industry issue or any other,
until the investigation is concluded,
the evidence all in, the arguments

closed and the subject submitted, and
then their verdict will be fair and
final.

ADVANTAGES OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO
AS A MANUFACTURING CENTER.

A low tax rate.

An equable and healthful climate.
The only deep water on the peni-
sula south of San Francisco.

Directly on the Bay Shore line of
the Southern Pacific Railway and
only ten miles from the foot of Mar-
ket street, San Francisco.

A ship canal which enables vessels
to discharge their cargoes on the va-
rious wharves already completed for
their accommodation.

An independent railroad system,
which provides ample switching facil-
ties to every industry.

Thirty-four hundred acres of land
in one compact body fronting on the
bay of San Francisco, affording cheap
and advantageous sites for all sorts
of factories.

Watertanks with water mains ex-
tending throughout the entire manu-
facturing district.

Several large industries already in
actual and successful operation.

An extensive and fine residence dis-
trict, where workingmen may secure
land at reasonable prices and on fa-
vorable terms, as homes for them-
selves and their families.

MISPLACED EMPHASIS.

Had Not Considered the Really Im-
portant Point at All.

"Have you heard about Frances and
Genevieve Herrick?"

Irma put the question to a group of
girls in the study-room, and then turn-
ing, inquired, "Does our talk disturb
you, Miss Wilmarth?"

The young woman who was correct-
ing papers at a desk shook her head
pleasantly, and Irma pursued:

"Well, those two sisters are in Eu-
rope now, following exactly the same
route, but they started six weeks
apart, to avoid taking the trip together."

"Why?" sounded a surprised chorus.

"Oh, they think they are too com-
pletely merged in each other for their
separate good—that Genevieve over-
shadows Frances in conversation, and
Frances takes too much responsibility
in other ways. They're great on the
development of the individual, you
know, and each aspires to be a 'sym-
metrical whole.' They said it was
hard to give up having this experience
together, but they're so strong-minded
they determined to go with different
parties because they thought each of
them would get so much more out of
it."

"Foolishness!" cried somebody.

"That's what their father thought.

He's getting old, you know, and can't
keep up with their ideas. He wanted
them to go together because their
mother isn't strong, and she said it
would be a relief to her to have the
ocean voyage over for both of them at
once. Besides, she'd feel better all the
time, in case one of them should be ill
or anything, to know they were together."

Miss Wilmarth waited a little, and
smoothed a fold of her black gown be-
fore she spoke.

"That doesn't seem the question to
me, Harriet. I can't help thinking of
the needless anxiety they are causing
their old father and mother, and won-
dering whether they can get enough
benefit to pay for that."

"Oh," said Harriet, softly, for the
tremble in the voice that answered had
reminded her that neither father nor
mother was left in Miss Wilmarth's
home. Then she added, honestly, "I
never once thought of their father's
and mother's side of it!"—Youth's Com-
panion.

The group dispersed, but one girl
lingered.

"What do you say, Miss Wilmarth?"

she asked. "Can those girls get enough
influence in the way of individual devel-
opment to pay them for sacrificing the
pleasure of having that trip together?"

Miss Wilmarth waited a little, and
smoothed a fold of her black gown be-
fore she spoke.

"That doesn't seem the question to
me, Harriet. I can't help thinking of
the needless anxiety they are causing
their old father and mother, and won-
dering whether they can get enough
benefit to pay for that."

"Oh," said Harriet, softly, for the
tremble in the voice that answered had
reminded her that neither father nor
mother was left in Miss Wilmarth's
home. Then she added, honestly, "I
never once thought of their father's
and mother's side of it!"—Youth's Com-
panion.

Brusher Is Well Paid.

A woman who appealed to a char-
itable society for help one day last week
said her son was able to assist her if
he would.

"He is the brusher, and has charge
of the bootblack chair in a hotel. He
makes between \$30 and \$40 a week."

An agent was sent out to investi-
gate and found the son employed in
one of the big hotels of the city, where
he has been for six years.

This young man told the agent that
the position of brusher in a large hotel
was worth at least \$30 a week, al-
though there is no salary attached to it,
if a young man attended to his
business. Hotel patrons are liberal
tipplers. The brusher is expected to
find seats for customers if the bar-
ber's chairs are filled, and to hand
around the morning and illustrated pa-
pers.—Chicago Tribune.

Not Tested Yet.

Cassidy—"Tis a foine red flannel shirt
ye hav on ye."

Casey—"Ah! 'tis foine stuff and a great
bargin."

Cassidy—"It looks good, but does it
shrink in the washin'?"

Casey—"I dunno. Shure, Oi've only
had it a month."—Philadelphia Press.

Squirming.

"There goes Flopper. What side of
the political fight is he on this year?"

"Oh, he is on the fence."

"Well, from the uneasy expression
on his face it must be a barb-wire
fence."

Pa's Idea of It.

Little Willie—Say, pa, what is meant
by "courting danger?"

Pa—"Why, er—any kind of courting,
my son."

THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



One Hundred Years Ago.

Over 100 persons lost their lives by
the great flood of the river Tiber.

The United States frigate Essex,
Commodore Barron, arrived at Triest.

German journals announced the
march of 150,000 Prussians to the frontiers
of Europe.

Algerian pirates captured a Portu-
guese frigate with 100 men, carrying them
all into slavery.

In Asia a Spanish ship with valuable
cargo and \$280,000 in gold was cap-
tured by a British privateer and sent to
Falmouth.

Seventy-five Years Ago.

Several towns were destroyed by an
earthquake in South America.

Navigation in the Black Sea was
opened to American vessels.

The standing army of the United
States numbered but 6,000 men.

The bill for a national road from
Buffalo to New Orleans was rejected
in the house by 88 to 105.

In New England the right of suffrage
was granted to every male inhabitant
of 21 years, except paupers and per-
sons excused from paying taxes at
their own request.

Fifty Years Ago.

A free state convention drew up the
Topeka constitution.

A pro-slavery legislature was organ-
ized in Kansas.

A cloud passed over New York City
which caused a darkness equal to
night.

A new running record for a mile was
set by Henry Perritt on the Metairie
course at New Orleans in 1:42.

A mob in Platte County, Missouri,
ordered that no person belonging to
the Northern Methodist Church should
preach in that county under penalty of
tar and feathers or hemp rope.

Forty Years Ago.

President Lincoln was shot by
Wilkes Booth in Ford's Theater,
Washington, D. C. Secretary Seward
was attacked at home and wounded.

President Lincoln the next day died
from the wound inflicted by Booth. Andrew
Johnson was sworn in as President.

A convention was reached between
General Sherman and General Johnson
(Confederate) for the surrender of the
latter's army, but was disavowed later
by the government.

Investigation in Washington by mili-
tary and civil authorities fixed the
identity of the murderer of President
Lincoln as J. Wilkes Booth.

Thirty Years Ago.

Two aeronauts were suffocated and a
third nearly perished in an ascent of
26,000 feet in Paris by balloon.

A plan of putting iron gunboats in
the Rhine to offset a similar proposed
plan by France was announced by Ger-
many.

Emperor William of Germany signed
the bill withdrawing the rights en-
joyed by the Catholic church. A pro-
papal newspaper in Berlin was sup-
pressed.

The British House of Commons re-
jected a petition to dismiss from the
bench the judges who had presided in
the Tichborne case, on the grounds of
partiality, and to impeach the speaker
for similar reasons.

Twenty Years Ago.

A mob at Pierre, Dak., lynched a
white murderer on a flagpole in front
of the courthouse.

The body of C. Arthur Preller, of
London, slain by Maxwell, was found
in a trunk in a St. Louis hotel.

The presence of the Princess of
Wales alone prevented violence to the
Prince from a mob in the streets of
Cork, through which the royal party
passed.

Ten Years Ago.

Joseph B. Greenhut was deposed
from the presidency of the whisky
trust after he had refused to resign.

The body of Blanche Lamont was
found in the belfry of the Emmanuel
Baptist Church in San Francisco, in
the library of which the body of Minnie
Williams had been found on the
previous day.

San Francisco police believed they
had fixed the murder of Blanche La-
mont and Minnie Williams on Theo-
odore Durant, and formally charged him
with the crime, for which he later was
hanged.

John M. Palmer and friends in Chi-
cago organized the Honest Money
League, to oppose the free silver move-
ment of Governor Altgeld.

Nicaragua's attempt to evade the
payment of debts to England nearly in-
volved the United States in a contest
with Britain.

Not Tested Yet.

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ye hav on ye."

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by "courting danger?"

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MEMORIES OF LAST NIGHT.

Across the gray of last night's skies
The stars like white narcissus clung,
And, sweetheart, mirrored in your eyes
The halo of their glory hung,
While far and wide the moonlight flung.
And somewhere, in our world apart,
A mocker's sudden music swung—
Last night, sweetheart.

The song below, the stars above,
Seemed but to meet and melt into
A silver symphony of love,
That thrilled our listening senses through;
And, close within my arms, you knew
The depth of each unspoken thought,
While life for me held only you—
Last night, sweetheart.

And, oh, can there be more than this
Beyond the mystery of the skies?
A heaven sweeter than your kiss?
And Eden dearer than your eyes?
I am not good, nor great, nor wise,
And yet by some strange chance Fate wrought
I found the way to paradise—
Last night, sweetheart.
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

RIP VAN WINKLE'S LAST SLEEP.



HIS FIRST LOVE

A LONELY passenger stood on the promenade deck of the Deutschland as the great liner cut its way through the stormy waves of the Atlantic. He seemed lost in thought as he stood leaning against the railing gazing at the waves which broke themselves into seething foam against the side of the vessel.

Suddenly a young girl's sweet voice awoke him from his dreams.

"So here you are, doctor! If Miss Hess knew that you prefer listening to the waves instead of to her singing it would be all over between you."

She laughed a delightful silvery laugh and her pretty little face looked teasingly at the doctor, who evidently tried not to meet her eyes. It was a moment before he answered:

"You asked me to-day, Miss Lingen, if it was only longing for my old home which takes me back to Germany after six years in America. At that time I evaded your questions. Now I feel like telling you what drives me back, if you do not think it will be too tiresome to listen to a story, which is probably of no interest to you."

"No, I am sure your story will interest me, doctor," she replied softly.

"It was seven years ago. I had just been graduated from college, and was doing hospital service at Berlin. As I thought myself the son of a wealthy father I enjoyed life in full measure, never thinking of where the money was to come from which I so recklessly spent. One evening I accepted the invitation of a friend to be his guest at a supper in company with some chorus girls from the Thalia Theater.

"One of these, a sweet, quiet girl of 16, attracted my attention because of her dignified behavior, which was in marked contrast to that of the others, who were anything but conventional in their manners. She seemed to me the embodiment of all womanly beauty and virtues. I soon found out that she had gone on the stage only to support her mother, who was an invalid, and that she was anything but happy at the life behind the footlights.

"To make a long story short, I fell deeply in love with her with all the fervor of my 24 years. Then my father died suddenly, and instead of a fortune left nothing but debts. This upset all my plans. I saw that from now on I must rely only upon myself, and to marry a poor girl under these circumstances appeared to be wholly out of the question.

"I would not give up my Paula, however, but told her that we would have to postpone our wedding, and she promised to wait for me. She had left the stage when we became engaged, and now took a position in an office at a miserable salary, while I went to America to seek my fortune.

"In the beginning, we corresponded every three days, and every steamer brought me long letters from her, but in the foreign country my love seemed to wane, and soon I wrote less regularly and at last stopped entirely, though her letters to me told me of her despair at losing me.

"And at last her letters also ceased. She had become convinced of my faithlessness, the tie was broken and I must admit that I felt it as a great relief.

"Then, one evening, about 18 months ago, I was called to the deathbed of a poor young girl who had taken poison because her lover had proved faithless. Never shall I forget the terrible sufferings of that poor creature. When she had died and I went home I felt like a murderer in my own eyes—I, who had behaved in the same outrageous manner to a sweet girl who loved me with all her heart. The memory of Paula followed me everywhere. It almost drove me insane, and now I am on my way back to try to find her."

He had finished his story and the young girl, who had not interrupted him once, remained silent. After a few moments' silence he said softly:

"Have I lost your good opinion, Miss Lingen? Will you now think of me as a heartless scoundrel who has ruined the life of an innocent girl?"

She looked into his eyes for a moment, and said, evidently deeply touched at what she had just heard:

"No, doctor. As I see how much you suffer now I cannot condemn you. You have made a grave mistake, but I hope that you will not find it too late

THE HORNS OWL'S NEST.

In One Case a Crow's Nest, Only Slightly Remodeled, Was Used.

Work had been going on all day in the sugar bush; the sap had been gathered and drawn to the boiling-place, until there remained but a few scattering trees to be visited near the swamp. The boy was softly whistling to himself, when a rabbit with easy, graceful bounds crossed the road but a few paces ahead of him and stopped by the side of a birch-bush to nibble the tender buds. Just then a startling sound came up from the swamp.

Why did the rabbit pause in his dainty meal and squat in his very tracks until his form more nearly resembled a footprint in the snow than a living mammal? The chattering red squirrel dropped into the crotch of a tree, and ceased to chatter, as the ominous and almost supernatural "Who-hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo" sounded through the dismal swamp and echoed through the maple grove. This was the hunting-call of the great horned owl.

The actions of the rabbit and squirrel did not surprise the boy, who had always heard that this owl was a veritable Nero among the feathered race. As yet he had never discovered the nest of the great horned owl. It was now the first week in March. Of late he had heard the weird call frequently from the swamp, causing him to believe the birds were nesting there, and he fully determined to make a search for that nest.

The next day was spent in a fruitless search, and it perplexed the boy, for often he had located the nest of the bobolink and meadow lark—nests that are not easily found.

But the second day's search ended, about noon, in rather an interesting manner. The boy stopped for lunch and a little rest under a hemlock that he knew well, for the spring before, a pair of crows had a nest in the tree. The old nest was still there, and, just to see what condition it was in after the storms of winter, he ascended the tree. The nest was between fifty and sixty feet from the ground. Just imagine the boy's surprise when about thirty feet from the nest to see a great horned owl silently glide off and wing its way through the tree tops. It was a revelation, upon reaching it, to find that the great horned owl had really used the old crows' nest, which had the appearance of being slightly remodeled, and was sparsely lined with evergreen leaves and feathers. In the nest were three white eggs, about the size of a bantam's. The boy afterward learned that the usual number of eggs deposited by the great horned owl is two, and that sometimes the bird constructs a nest for itself in a hollow tree or an evergreen.

On the first day of April there were two little owls in the nest, and a day later a third appeared. They were queer-looking birds, seeming to be nearly all head and eyes, and their bodies were covered with the softest down.

The young birds grew very slowly, although the remains of fish, mice, squirrels, rabbits and birds of various kinds furnished abundant evidence that the old birds were lavish in supplying food. They remained in the nest for about eleven weeks, which is long compared with most of our birds—many young birds leaving the nest in from twelve to fifteen days, and the woodcock, bob-white and ruffed grouse in about as many hours.—St. Nicholas.

GIPSIES ON THEIR TRAVELS.

VICE ADMIRAL ROJESTVANSKY.



Vice Admiral Rojestvensky, commander of the Russian Baltic fleet, is said to be the most daring of the Czar's naval commanders. He won the St. George's cross for bravery in the Turkish war, when with a small gunboat he had the hardihood to attack a Turkish battle ship and then get safely away. In appearance he is said to resemble the late Admiral Sampson, of the American navy. Further, it is alleged, that he can freeze a man with a look, and that he is adamant once he reaches a decision. Rojestvensky says the only strategy in battle is to fight. When the commander of the Varlag, blown up at Chemulpo, was welcomed back to Russia, Rojestvensky said he should have been hanged, asserting that in place of attempting to fight, the Russian commander should have done all in his power to ram and sink some of the Japanese ships which surrounded him, no matter what his fate might have been.

beautiful, except when soaring at great heights, in which distance lends enchantment to the feathered pirate, and he is an emblem of the most tyrannical monarchies in the world. Russia had adopted him long before our republic was born. Austria used him so long that he became shopworn. Ancient Rome robbed and ravaged, using him as its appropriate emblem.

In the Continental Congress, when a national bird was selected, the eagle won over the turkey by only one vote. Washington and Franklin favored the turkey as a bird of peace distinctively American, not at war with everything else wearing feathers, including its own kith and kin. Why should a country like ours adopt a second-hand emblem already stained with the deeds of tyrants and the misdeeds of despots?

Why not adopt the plain, useful, peaceful and practical American hen? While not a singer, her "lay" is pleasing and preferable to the shrill scream of an eagle with its talons dripping innocent blood. The hen is industrious, unassuming and devoted to usefulness. She is an exponent of the simple life in all its beauty and seductiveness. She fills our beds with feathers, our departments of the interior with omelets and our souls with satisfaction. Her eggs bring millions of dollars monthly to our people, exclusive of those her owners consume.

Her spring chickens, though the "spring" in them sometimes resembles rubber, have fancy price-marks attached and are justly esteemed. You cannot eat eaglets or get rich on eagles' eggs. The cackle of the household hen is musical, though not entrancing. She is sociable and does not, like the eagle, hold herself aloof. She is immortal, for her son never sets. She is brave, and for her little brood will fight anything from a mammoth to a mouse. As for the eagle's boasted prowess, a game rooster can whip him to a sandpaper finish and make him self resemble twice 15 cents if he will only stay on the earth for a round or two.

Make the hen our national bird, and instead of the arrows and olive branches let her hold in her useful claws a statement of the annual egg money and a certificate from the housewives, with the motto, "Miscete dulce utili." Retire the boastful, impractical, predatory eagle, and substitute the feathered queen of the republic.

Facts About Irrigation.

Nowhere is irrigation practiced so extensively as in India, where about 25,000,000 acres are irrigated. Egypt is next. The Assouan dam in the Nile is considered one of the greatest engineering feats in the history of the human race. Irrigation is new in Australia, but is spreading rapidly there, and the same is more or less true of South Africa. The practice of irrigation has declined or entirely disappeared in many regions where it prevailed in remote antiquity.

Not "Fast Black."

Dottie—Why don't you take off your stockings?

Johinie—All of 'em's off that'll come off. Ma bought these at a bargain sale for 8 cents a pair.—Cleveland Leader.

Wise is the girl who can tell whether a young man is in love or is merely breaking in a new pair of shoes.

A man's most distant relatives are those who have the most money.

Actress Owns Three Places, but Sandy Garth Is Favorite.

Maude Adams' delight is to ride about her farm at Ronkonkoma, Long Island, and superintend the general farming operations that are carried on there, says a writer in the Twentieth Century Home. She owns many acres of fields, pasture and woodlands, with a roomy, comfortable old farmhouse, which she has modernized only just enough to afford some of the luxuries demanded by life as we know it today. It is not a modern showhouse, but just a nice, sensible abode into

which she has moved.

Are you old-fashioned enough to remember an "illumination?" When the writer of this was a boy, the receipt of good news from the war would cause all "union" families to place tallow candles in their windows, and illuminate, whereas the houses of copperheads would remain dark.

The motto of some men is, "Give me liberty or give me debt."

Some dramas might be improved by putting on the final act first.

When a woman can't think of any other way to get rid of her money she hunts up a dentist and gets her teeth renovated.

Some dramas might be improved by putting on the final act first.

THIS IS A FOWL SUGGESTION.

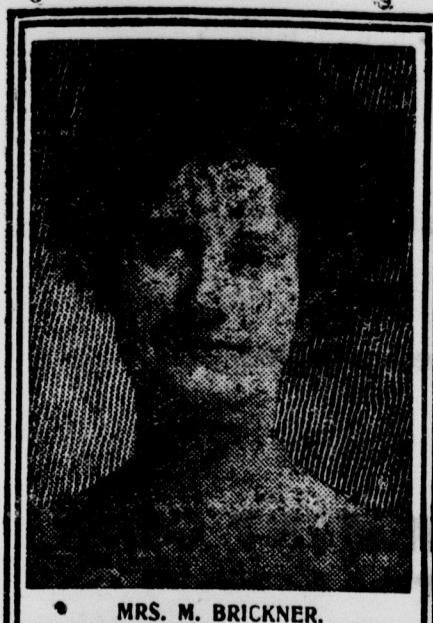
Treasurable Hint to Supplant the Eagle as the National Bird.

The suggestion may seem radical, but why not depose the eagle and choose a more appropriate national bird, says the Philadelphia Ledger. The eagle is a bird of prey, destroying many more useful birds; he is not

THINK OF IT!

This Pretty Matron Had Headache and Backache, and Her Condition Was Serious.

PE-RU-NA CURED



MRS. M. BRICKNER.

99 Eleventh Street,

Milwaukee, Wis.

"A short time ago I found my condition very serious. I had headaches, pains in the back, and frequent dizzy spells which grew worse every month. I tried two remedies before Peruna, and was discouraged when I took the first dose, but my courage soon returned. In less than two months my health was restored." —Mrs. M. Brickner.

The reason of so many failures to cure cases similar to the above is the fact

FEMALE TROUBLE NOT RECOGNIZED AS CATARRH.

commonly recognized as being caused by catarrh.

Catarrh of one organ is exactly the same as catarrh of any other organ. What will cure catarrh of the head will also cure catarrh of the pelvic organs. Peruna cures these cases simply because it cures the catarrh.

If you have catarrh write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

Paste Jewels.

Bookworms spin gold for publishers. Advertising makes authors.

An unprejudiced critic never reads a book until after he reviews it.

Most of the rose-colored dreams of romance are yellow-backed.

The only effective place for a heroine to faint is in her's arms.

In novels, as in real life, there's many a slip between the engagement and the wedding trip.

Many a spring poem has been punctuated with a blue pencil.

It is better to have your hero born great than to thrust greatness on him in the last chapter.

A good press agent is rather to be chosen than a great plot.—New Orleans Picayune.

Those Boston Girls.

Emily—Martha is very censorious of people who use cosmetics. She says she never did anything for her complexion.

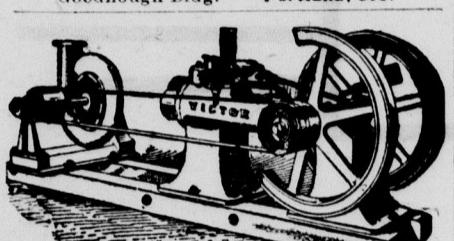
Edith—Guess that's where she's wise; a complexion like hers is incorrigible.—Boston Transcript.

1905 LEWIS AND CLARK EXPOSITION

For first-class hotel and room accommodations in Portland during the Exposition apply at once and send a deposit of \$2.00 to apply on rent of your room. Rooms in all parts of the city, 50 cents to \$2.00 a day.

Reserve Your Rooms Without Delay and Get Your Choice

Write for full information to Dept. 1, Exposition Accommodation Bureau Only official bureau of the Lewis & Clark Fair Goodnough Bldg. — Portland, Ore.



IRRIGATION Cheaper than from ditches. When and where you want it. Fuel, distillate and crude oil shipped ready to pump. Nothing to get out of order. Let us tell you about it.

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CANCER

Cancers and Tumors of the Breast, Face, Lips or any part of the Body, treated in from one to four months. One treatment makes a cure. Cures guaranteed or NO pay. Cut this ad out. Paste it in your Bible. It may be the means of saving your life. Write for pamphlet. Address

Dr. J. L. Bohannon & Co.

233 Hyde Street — San Francisco, Cal.

Keeley Cure
The Only Cure
for Liquor and
Drug Addiction

endorsed by the U. S. Government. Call or send for explanatory matter.

THE KEELEY INSTITUTE
Donohoe Building, Market and Taylor Street,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS
KINDLY MENTION THIS PAPER

S. F. N. U. NO. 22, 1905

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
25 CTS.
Places Where All Else Failed
Best Cure for Consumption
in Time. Sold by druggists.

CONSUMPTION

The Need of Commercial Schools

The most interesting educational development in Germany to me is the development of higher commercial education, writes Frank A. Vanderlip in Scribner's. We recognize that an engineer or a mechanic will profit by a technical education. There is no longer a doubt that a technical education will enable such a man to outstrip in the long run his fellows who have equal ability, but have learned only in the slower and less scientific school of experience. There are as good reasons, I am convinced, for giving the banker or the merchant a technical commercial education. The schools do not turn out a practical engineer, nor will they turn out a practical banker or merchant, but I believe that there is a great amount of information needed by a man in commercial life which is capable of scientific classification, and can be taught with much greater efficiency, and with much less loss of time, in a properly organized school than it can be gathered in the ordinary course of an apprenticeship in a business career.

The Wily Japanese.

Mr. Takahira, the Japanese minister at Washington, says the New Orleans States, has a new story which he tells with great glee. He says he heard two women discussing his nation.

"The Japanese," said one of them, "ought to be excluded from the country. Their young men come here to school, and no sooner do they arrive than they begin a systematic course of cheating."

"How is that?" asked the other.

"They only pay tuition for one," said the complainant, "and they learn enough for two or three."

Essay About the Pig.

One boy gives the following information about the pig: "A pig when living has four legs, but when you kill it the butcher says it only has two, because he calls the front legs shoulders and the back legs are called hams. Ham tastes nice, and they boil it to eat at a wedding. The missus sprinkles little bits of toast on it to make it look pretty."

Where Poverty Raps.

Singleton—What, after being married only two months you find your self broke? Well, cheer up, old man, and remember that love makes the world go round.

Wedderby (sadly)—Yes, I suppose so; but it doesn't make the grocer and butcher come around.

Almost Innocent.

Austere Aunt—I don't consider it keeping Lent at all, Minerva, when you stuff yourself with all kinds of pickles.

Miss Minerva—That's unjust, auntie. I don't only eat five or six of the varieties now.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. Thos. ROBBINS, Maple Street, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1905.

Some men hunt for things to drive them to strong drink.

People who govern others have learned to govern themselves.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for **FREE** \$2.00 bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The girl who marries her idol often finds he is only clay.

One deed does the world more good than a book of creeds.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

The woman who wears decollete gowns evidently has no fear of the backbiter.

Some defeats must come to make success sweet.

African Stomach Bitters. Fine appetizer. Medicinal value unsurpassed. Spruance, Stanley & Co., San Francisco.

The only man who can afford to gamble with destiny is he who has nothing to lose.

It's easy enough to get into trouble, but it's hard to find the exit.

With the aid of a microscope any one can see what appears to be a gilt edge on the best steel, but a blind man can discover a "gilt edge" on the best whisky—"Old Gilt Edge."

When Chase Was a Posse.

Justice Chase, who had the distinction of being the first man ever impeached in the United States, appears to have been the original apostle of the strenuous life, says the Baltimore American. His father was a clergyman, but young Chase from his boyhood seems to have been an aggressive fighter.

A Marylander, born in Somerset County, he became the leader of the friends of liberty in that State and was one of the five delegates from Maryland to the continental congress of 1774. He took a very prominent part in the stirring days that followed and as he grew older he appears constantly to have grown more aggressive. In 1794 he was chief justice of the general court of Maryland. There had been a riot in Baltimore and Chief Justice Chase had ordered the arrest of two of the ringleaders. The sheriff was afraid to arrest them and so reported to Chief Justice Chase.

"Summons a posse," ordered Mr. Chase.

"Sir," replied the sheriff, "no one will serve."

"Then summon me," ordered the chief justice. "I will be your posse."

The sheriff swore in the chief justice and thereupon Chief Justice Chase marched with the sheriff to the two men whose arrest he had ordered, and taking each one of them by the scruff of the neck hauled them bodily to the jail.

Railroads and Progress.

In his testimony before the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce at Washington on May 4th, Prof. Hugo R. Meyer of Chicago University, an expert on railroad management, made this statement:

"Let us look at what might have happened if we had heeded the protests of the farmers of New York and Ohio and Pennsylvania (in the seventies when grain from the west began pouring to the Atlantic seaboard) and acted upon the doctrine which the Interstate Commerce Commission has enunciated time and again, that no man may be deprived of the advantages accruing to him by virtue of his geographical position. We could not have west of the Mississippi a population of millions of people who are prosperous and are great consumers. We never should have seen the years when we built 10,000 and 12,000 miles of railway for there would have been no farmers west of the Mississippi river who could have used the land that would have been opened up by the building of those railways. And if we had not seen the years when we could build 10,000 and 12,000 miles of railway a year, we should not have today east of the Mississippi a steel and iron producing center which is at once the marvel and the despair of Europe, because we could not have built up a steel and iron industry if there had been no market for its products."

"We could not have in New England a great boot and shoe industry; we could not have in New England a great cotton milling industry; we could not have spread throughout New York and Pennsylvania and Ohio manufacturing industries of the most diversified kinds, because those industries would have no market among the farmers west of the Mississippi river."

"And while the progress of this country, while the development of the agricultural West of this country, did mean the impairment of the agricultural value east of the Mississippi river that ran up into hundreds of millions of dollars, it meant incidentally the building up of great manufacturing industries that added to the value of this land by thousands of millions of dollars. And, gentlemen, these things were not foreseen in the seventies. The statesmen and the public men of this country did not see what part the agricultural development of the West was going to play in the industrial development of the East. And you may read the decisions of the Interstate Commerce Commission from the first to the last, and what is one of the greatest characteristics of those decisions? The continued inability to see the question in this large way."

"The Interstate Commerce Commission never can see anything more than that the farm land of some farmer is decreasing in value, or that some man who has a flour mill with a production of 50 barrels a day is being crowded out. It never can see that the destruction or impairment of farm values in this place means the building up of farm values in that place, and that shifting of values is a necessary incident to the industrial and manufacturing development of this country. And if we shall give to the Interstate Commerce Commission power to regulate rates, we shall no longer have our rates regulated on the statesmanlike basis on which they have been regulated in the past by the railway men, who really have been great statesmen, who really have been great builders of empires, who have had an imagination that rivals the imagination of the greatest poet and of the greatest inventor, and who have operated with a courage and daring that rivals the courage and daring of the greatest military general. But we shall have our rates regulated by a body of civil servants, bureaucrats, whose besetting sin the world over is that they never can grasp a situation in a large way and with the grasp of the statesmen; that they never can see the fact that they are confronted with a small evil; that that evil is relatively small, and that it cannot be corrected except by the creation of evils and abuses which are infinitely greater than the one that is to be corrected."

Room for Improvement.

"I have here," said the agent, "an alarm clock that will kindle the fire in the kitchen range and start the coffee boiling. Can I sell you one?"

"No," yawned the lazy man, "but when you find one that will pour the coffee out and bring it upstairs I will be pleased to consider its purchase."

A collection was taken from the Americans to give the children of the different schools a royal treat. A Christmas tree was duly decorated, and the children were assembled in the schoolroom.

After a few songs and recitations the time came for old Santa to make his appearance. All at once there was a tinkling of bells on the stairs, the door opened, and in rushed the first Santa Claus the children had ever seen, clothed in red, and gesticulating in the customary manner.

As soon as Santa Claus came in by the door, the children went out by the windows. Somebody had yelled, "El diablo a qui!"—"The devil is here!"—and that was enough for the children. They ran to their homes, screaming and frightened. It took some time to quiet their fears and get them back to the schoolroom. Santa Claus had to take off his whiskers, and the small boy in the town of Camanay will tell you that he knows just who Santa Claus is.

"I had a terrible cold and cough and was threatened with pneumonia. I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and it gave me quick and perfect relief. It is certainly a most wonderful cough medicine." —RENA E. WHITMAN, Sioux Falls, S. Dak.

Then tell him about Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Tell him how it cured your hard cough. Tell him why you always keep it in the house. Tell him to ask his doctor about it. Doctors use a great deal of it for throat and lung troubles.

"Sir," replied the sheriff, "no one will serve."

"Then summon me," ordered the chief justice. "I will be your posse."

The sheriff swore in the chief justice and thereupon Chief Justice Chase marched with the sheriff to the two men whose arrest he had ordered, and taking each one of them by the scruff of the neck hauled them bodily to the jail.

"Sir," replied the sheriff, "no one will serve."

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TO MANUFACTURERS

Who desire a location combining every feature conducive to prosperity, sufficiently near to San Francisco to enjoy all the privileges of a site in the metropolis, and yet sufficiently remote to escape the heavy taxation and other burdens incident to the city.

Where a ship canal enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

Where large ferry boats enter the large ferry slip now in use, and land passengers, freight and whole trains of cars.

Where an independent railroad system gives ample switching privileges to every industry.

Where a private water-works plant, with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district, supplies an abundance of pure artesian water at rates far below city prices.

Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

Where the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and **Seven Miles of Water Front** on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Where, in fact, rail, wharf and other privileges are unexcelled for manufacturing purposes by any other locality on the coast.

If you desire such a location come and see what we have in South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

For further information call or address

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.

202 SANSOME ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly **FIFTEEN HUNDRED PEOPLE**.

An extensive and fine residence district, where workingmen may secure land at reasonable prices, and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

Upwards of \$2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco.

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

Detail information cheerfully furnished. Address

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202 SANSOME STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

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BEEF AND PORK PACKERS

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GOLDEN GATE —AND— **MONARCH BRANDS**

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